

# The Pocahontas Times.

If thou would'st read a lesson that will keep Thy heart from faltering and thy soul from sleep, Go to the woods and hills.—Longfellow.

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## LITTLE GEMS

From Tennyson  
Willows whiten, aspens quiver,  
Little breezes dusk shiver  
Though the wave that runs for-  
ever  
By the island in the river  
Flowing down to Camelot,  
Four gray walls, and four gray  
towers,  
Overlook a space of flowers,  
And the silent isle embowers  
The Lady of Shalott.  
—FROM "THE LADY OF SHALOTT."  
How sweet it were, hearing the  
downward stream,  
With half-shut eyes ever to seem  
Falling asleep in a half-dream!  
To dream and dream, like yonder  
amber light,  
Which will not leave the myrrh-  
bush on the height;  
To hear each other's whispered  
speech;  
Eating the Lotus day by day,  
To watch the crisping ripples on  
the beach,  
And tender curving lines of cream-  
y spray;  
To lend our hearts and spirits  
wholly  
To the influence of mild-minded  
melancholy;  
To muse and brood and live again  
in memory,  
With those old faces of our infancy  
Heaped over with a mound of  
grass,—  
Two handfuls of white dust, shut  
in an urn of brass.—FROM "THE  
LOROS-EATERS."  
How dull it is to pause, to make  
an end,  
To rust unburnished, not to shine  
in use!  
As though to breathe were life.  
Life piled on life  
Were all too little.  
—FROM "ULYSSES."  
The splendor falls on castle wall  
And snowy summits old in story:  
The long light shakes across the  
lakes,  
And the wild cataract leaps in  
glory.  
Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild  
echoes dying.—SONG FROM  
"THE PRINCESS."  
Henceforth thou hast a helper,  
me, that know  
The woman's cause is man's, they  
rise or sink  
Together, dwarfed or godlike,  
bond or free:  
For she that out of Lethe scales  
with man  
The shining steps of Nature, shares  
with man  
His nights, his days moves with  
him to one goal,  
Stays all the fair young planet in  
her hands—  
If she be small, slight-natured,  
miserable,  
How shall men grow?  
FROM "THE PRINCESS."  
Love took up the glass of Time,  
and turned it in his glowing  
hands:  
Every moment, lightly shaken,  
ran itself in golden sands.  
Love took up the harp of Life,  
and smote on all chords with  
might;  
Smote the chords of Self, that  
trembling passed in music  
out of sight.  
—FROM "LOCKSLEY HALL."  
Men, my brothers, men the work-  
ers, ever reaping something  
new,  
That which they have done, but  
earnest of the things that they  
shall do.  
—FROM "LOCKSLEY HALL."  
Yet I doubt not through the ages  
one increasing purpose runs,  
And the thoughts of men are  
widened with the process of  
the suns.  
—FROM "LOCKSLEY HALL."  
Through the shadow of the globe  
we sweep into the young  
day;  
Better fifty years of Europe than a  
cycle of Cathay.  
—FROM "LOCKSLEY HALL."  
This is truth the poet sings

That a sorrow's crown of sorrow  
is remembering happier things.  
—FROM "LOCKSLEY HALL."  
Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me!  
And may there be no moaning of  
the bar,  
When I put out to sea.  
Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark!  
And may there be no sadness of  
farewell,  
When I embark.  
—FROM "CROSSING THE BAR."  
O love, O fire! once he drew  
With one long kiss my whole soul  
through  
My lips, as sunlight drinketh dew.  
—FROM "FATIMA."  
Sleep sweetly, tender heart, in  
peace!  
Sleep, holy spirit, blessed soul,  
While the stars burn, the moons  
increase,  
And the great ages onward roll.  
—FROM POEM "TO J. S."  
That tower of strength  
Which stood four-square to all  
the winds that blew.  
—FROM "ODE ON THE DEATH OF  
THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON."  
What Amused Him  
The attendant at a boy's club  
noticed that a small negro who  
was a regular visitor at the read-  
ing-room always asked for the  
same book, and always turned to  
the same place, at which he  
would look eagerly and then  
laugh heartily.  
The attendant's curiosity was  
aroused by a performance so many  
times repeated, so he followed the  
little fellow one night, and look-  
ing over his shoulder, saw that he  
had opened the book to a picture  
of a bull chasing a terrified negro  
across a field. He was just about  
to ask what the joke was, for the  
laugh had again come rippling up  
to him when the boy looked  
around, grinning:  
"Golly, he ain't kotched him  
yet."  
Familiar  
A large touring automobile  
containing a man and his wife in  
a narrow road met a hay wagon  
fully loaded. The woman declared  
that the farmer must back out, but  
her husband contended that she  
was unreasonable.  
"But you can't back the auto-  
mobile so far," she said, "and I  
don't intend to move for anybody.  
He should have seen us."  
The husband pointed out that  
this was impossible, owing to an  
abrupt turn in the road.  
"I don't care," she insisted.  
"I won't move if we have to stay  
here all night."  
The man in the automobile was  
starting to argue the matter when  
the farmer, who had been sitting  
quietly on the hay, interrupted.  
"Never mind, sir," he exclaim-  
ed, "I'll try to back out, I've got  
one just like her at home."  
The Duke of Durham  
The late Mr Washington Duke  
of Durham, North Carolina, at  
home known as "Uncle Wash,"  
who manufactured tobacco prod-  
ucts so extensively for a quarter  
of a century, used to tell a quaint  
little story on himself.  
"The first time I traveled  
abroad," he said, "I visited  
Brussels, and went to see its sights  
In one of the public buildings I  
found an ordinary looking arm-  
chair carefully railed off and with  
a chain across its front. Being  
tired with a hard morning of  
tramping, I stepped over the fence  
let down the chain and with a big  
sigh of relief, dropped into this  
chair, the only one I had seen in  
the building. A guard in lace  
and buttons was on me at once.  
"No sitting in that chair!" he  
blustered. "See the card on the  
back! The Duke of Wellington  
once occupied that chair!"  
"Well, and what of it?" I re-  
turned, cool as a cucumber. I'm  
Duke of Durham, and alive at  
that!"  
"This settled the matter; down  
to the floor went that flunkey,  
brushing the dust from my heavy  
American shoes with his hand-  
kerchief of real European linen.  
A way up English title catches  
them every time. I had my rest  
out in that solid old chair of the  
Waterloo hero."

## OLD INDIAN CAMPS.

Remarkable Traditional History Connected  
with Adam O'Brien's Cave in Webster Co.  
On both sides of the dividing  
line between the counties of Web-  
ster and Nicholas, the country is  
dotted with immense boulders  
which have fallen in ages past  
from granite cliffs that circle the  
summit of the surrounding moun-  
tains—and this disintegration,  
caused by heat and cold, contin-  
ues and will continue until the  
mountains find a common level.  
Every shower of rain shifts the  
clay and gravel to a lower level  
and exposes the solid rock to na-  
ture's corroding elements. This  
is country of cliffs and caves, says  
the Braxton Central, and the lone  
hunter in early times experienced  
no trouble in finding a commod-  
ious and dry camp under many of  
the projecting cliffs. In many of  
these natural camps you will find  
today undisputed evidence of their  
early occupancy by the Indians,  
where you find rude stone and  
clay instruments with flint arrow  
heads, and by early hunters and  
trappers where you find beech  
trees near camp carved with initial  
letters and names and dates, made  
by solitary occupants.  
There is one of these natural  
camps on the headwaters of Skies  
creek and within one-fourth of  
a mile of Colonel L. M. Squires's  
store that has a remarkable tradi-  
tional history connected with it.  
This cave is probably twenty by  
thirty feet in width and some  
eight feet high, and on the north  
side of the room five feet from  
the floor, we found these initials  
and dates, "A. O. B., April,  
1792." This inscription, to those  
familiar with the early settle-  
ments made on the Elk river and  
its tributaries, is very easily  
understood and can admit of but  
one interpretation. The initials  
are those of Adam O'Brien one  
of the first white men who pene-  
trated the wilds of this section and  
looked upon the wonders of the  
undisturbed natural scenery. An  
earthly paradise to the wild Indian  
and the equally wild hunter, as  
the woods then were alive with  
choice game of all known vari-  
eties and the streams teemed with  
the choicest species of fish. In  
these mountains, and alone Adam  
O'Brien spent the middle and  
latter years of his earthly pilgrim-  
age. Once in two and three years  
he would visit Clarksburg, the  
nearest town, with a load of valu-  
able furs and pelts, lay in a sup-  
ply of powder, lead and flints, and  
return to his distant and lone  
camp. From the dates carved in  
this noted camp, it is evident that  
he was there or in the vicinity,  
when a small party of Shawnee  
Indians murdered the Carpenter  
family at the mouth of Holly  
river, in the spring of 1792. At  
that time, Benjamin and Jerry  
Carpenter, with their families,  
were the only settlers on the up-  
per waters of Elk river, and this  
was the last raid made by the  
Indians east of the Ohio river.  
Tradition informs us that Adam  
O'Brien was born in Bath county,  
Virginia, in 1742, and at the age  
of twenty-five years, was disap-  
pointed in a love affair with Miss  
Isabel Burgoyne, only daughter of  
General Burgoyne, who figured  
in the early history of the Ameri-  
can Revolution. Opposition to the  
engagement by the father resulted  
in his sending her to England,  
where she soon wedded the Earl  
of Cavendish, a cousin to King  
George the Third. This so  
thoroughly and ignominiously  
disgusted young O'Brien that he  
immediately disposed of his  
possession in Bath county and fled  
to the wilderness with guns, an  
ample store of ammunition and a  
full camping outfit. But for this  
unfortunate episode and blighting  
events of his time. He was edu-  
cated to the full extent of the op-  
portunities available in that day  
and age, but threw all away and  
hermetically confined himself to  
a life of solitude and association

with the wild animals of the forest. Although O'Brien showed  
a weakness in permitting a mar-  
ried disappointment to change  
and wreck all his plans in life  
and possibly usefulness to his fel-  
low man, yet that he was a man  
of unquestionable courage, and  
fearless of all danger, we cannot  
doubt, as he roamed in a large  
territory constantly infested by  
roving bands of savage Indians  
and was surrounded day and night  
by the fierce and formidable wild  
animals of the forests that preyed  
upon all flesh alike when driven  
to desperation by hunger or en-  
gaged in conflict with one another.  
But as we once said heretofore,  
"When, and where, and how this  
remarkable man terminated his  
eventful life we know not and  
will doubtless never know."  
With the exception of a short  
paragraph in "Wilder's Border  
Warfare," none of O'Brien's ac-  
tions are found in print. Conse-  
quently we are forced to rely upon  
generally acceptable tradition for  
all we say respecting his history.  
The Actual Height of Sea Waves.  
Waves are the agents of tremen-  
dous force, as the batterings  
received by the big ocean liners  
in the winter storms tend to prove.  
But the waves of the North Atlan-  
tic are not the highest waves nor  
the most forcible. The most tremen-  
dous of seas are those that form  
south of the Cape of Good Hope  
and Cape Horn, where the oceanic  
belt is unbroken by land.  
How high those southern waves  
rise has not been accurately mea-  
sured, so far as can be discovered;  
but probably they are not very  
much higher than the waves far-  
ther north. Says the New York  
Sun:  
Sailors in modern times have  
never seen such waves as those  
which the early navigators declar-  
ed attained heights of one hundred  
to one hundred and thirty feet.  
La Perouse asserted that he saw  
waves towering in the Pacific to a  
height of nearly two hundred feet.  
In these more scientific days we  
may say that the highest waves  
yet measured had an altitude of  
about fifty-two feet.  
This is in the southern ocean  
a little north of the Antarctic  
regions; and it is quite certain that  
the highest waves ever seen in that  
region did not surpass fifty-eight  
feet in latitude. A wave of that  
height would certainly be a formi-  
dable looking object, and its crest  
would wash the windows of the  
fifth story of many New York  
buildings.  
The average height of the waves  
in different oceans has been as-  
certained with some approach to  
accuracy as the result of a great  
many measurements. The highest  
waves observed in the Indian  
Ocean for example, are about forty  
feet. The highest waves in the  
North Atlantic are from twenty-  
four to sixteen to nineteen feet.  
Even the smaller of these great  
waves has considerable destructive  
power. Some of them travel along  
at a speed of twenty five miles an  
hour. A wave about thirty feet  
high contains thousands of tons of  
water and when this immense force  
is dashed against any structure  
the ruin wrought is likely to be  
impressive.  
Words That Will Not Rhyme.  
The English language is a won-  
derful, living growth. With the  
single exception of Latin, it is the  
most majestic vehicle for blank  
verse and poetry.  
There are many words in Eng-  
lish that have no rhyme. As  
given in "The Rhymers' Lexi-  
con," by Andrew Lang, they are  
as follows: Aitch, alb, amongst,  
avenge, bilge, bourn, breadth,  
brusk, bulb, coil, conch, cusp,  
depth, doth, eighth, fifth, film,  
forge, forth, fugue, gulf, hemp,  
lounge, mauve, month, morgue,  
mourned, mouth, ninth, oblige, of,  
pearl, pint, porch, pork, poulp,  
prestige, pass, recumb, sauce,  
scare scarf, sixth, spoil, swoin,  
slyph, tenth, torak, twelfth, un-  
plagued, volt, warmth, wasp,  
wharves, width, with, wolf,  
wolves.

## THOROUGH BRED SHEEP

A Flock of First class Shropshires  
Perhaps the best flock of sheep  
in Pocahontas county, and as good  
a one as can be found any where,  
is that of Uriah Hevener, Jr., of  
Arboreale. He is a son of Uriah  
Hevener, the cattle king of upper  
Pocahontas, but instead of fol-  
lowing the footsteps of a steer,  
he is making sheep raising a spe-  
cialty. Some years since he start-  
ed with a few common ewes,  
breeding them to registered  
Shropshire bucks until his flock  
has attained a high degree of ex-  
cellence. Some months since at  
heavy expense he imported some  
registered Shropshire ewes. These  
sheep were bought from A. W.  
Dolph, Teogarden, Indiana and  
have been bred to Davinson's  
1328 Champion 1903 ram, as good  
a Shropshire as was ever raised.  
He is to be complimented in his  
attempt to build up the sheep-in-  
dustry of our county, which,  
while it may not be on the de-  
cline is not making the advance it  
should in view of the increased  
profit of sheep culture over cattle.  
There is a difference in sheep,  
but the difference can not be ap-  
preciated until one has compared  
the ewe necked ungainly animal  
with its paltry two pound fleeces  
of inferior wool, which from time  
immemorial has eked out barely  
an existence on brush and briars  
with a well bred Shropshire with  
its stocky body and ten pound  
fleece of high grade wool. There  
is a small wonder that sheep were  
an abomination in the sight of  
the cattle man, but he should not  
be so much a Bourbon as to close  
his eyes to the sheep of today  
which is a thing of beauty and of  
profit, laying it over the lordly  
steer many times. Mr Hevener's  
farm, with its 3,000 acres of  
blue grass land, 1800 acres of  
which is in sod, is an ideal place  
for sheep, and a few years will  
see it stocked with flocks of  
thoroughbred sheep, cared for in a  
scientific way.  
The following was handed us  
by a practical stockman who is  
meeting with success in the sheep  
business, taken from the Inland  
Farmer, where it was published  
under the caption, "Beginning  
with Sheep."  
Sheep are high and there will  
be many beginners, nevertheless.  
When wool prices advance then  
people are eager to get sheep, and  
when they decline they are as  
eager to get rid of flocks. The re-  
cent advance in wool has caused  
a general demand for sheep, and  
they are held at good prices. This  
stimulus says: The Homestead,  
will cause many to embark in the  
business who have had little or no  
experience in sheep.  
Any business should be done in  
a cautious manner and in this re-  
gard sheep are no exception, and  
one should learn as much about  
them as possible before engaging  
in the business.  
Select that breed which seems  
to fill your fancy and one that will  
be considered good for your lo-  
cality and environment. After  
making the selection outline your  
plan of procedure and stick to it.  
It will be much easier to begin  
with a few common ewes for the  
first year and these should be not  
younger than two years old nor  
over three. The beginner can not  
expect to do well with younger  
ewes and he should not have much  
older, for they soon go thin after  
the full mouth period. Get a good  
ram of the breed selected. Ten  
good lambs will pay for him.  
It will be most difficult to go  
wrong if one is painstaking and  
apt to learn and the sheep them-  
selves will be good educators.  
Make friends with your sheep.  
A little feed given sheep when one  
goes where they are will soon create  
quite a friendship.  
Sheep should not be confined  
too closely in winter and yet they  
should have shelter. When the  
fleeces and feet of the sheep are  
kept dry there will usually be but  
little trouble. Keep the quarters  
dry rather than warm. If the fleeces  
is dry the sheep will not feel any

cold, but when wet they soon go  
wrong.  
By obtaining a few sheep, they  
can be closely watched and one  
will learn a great deal of them  
and their wants will be more  
easily observed. We know of no  
better school, and by starting  
with a few the results will not be  
disastrous should one fail to learn  
the best way at first.  
Virdie Cochran  
Virdie Cochran the oldest  
daughter of L. S. and E. A. Coch-  
ran of Barb, Pocahontas Co.,  
died at Hinton Hospital, Saturday  
March 3rd of peritonitis, age 14  
years, 10 months and 28 days.  
Every thing was done for her  
by physicians and by her parents  
that could be done, and when Dr.  
Cooper told her that she must die  
she took her ring from her finger  
and gave it to her weeping Father,  
and said "Take this to Mother, I  
am going a long way off and never to  
come back. Tell them all to meet  
me in heaven; I will be there  
waiting."  
With this sweet assurance she  
passed away without a struggle.  
While she was young in years she  
was the main stay in the home,  
was almost a mother to six chil-  
dren. Her short life was spent  
in trying to make others happy.  
Her funeral was preached by  
the writer from the text found in  
2nd Cor. 8 chapter, 9th verse, to  
a large sympathizing congregation  
in Old Droop Church on Monday  
March 5, and her body was laid  
to rest in Droop Cemetery.  
How feeble are words to carry  
consolation to hearts bereaved of a  
beloved daughter and sister. A  
tender clinging vine interwoven  
in sweet memories, from the hour  
the angel first gave her to your  
home; a gentle spirit of light that  
filled in and out like a gleam of  
sunshine.  
No one can fill her place in the  
vacant chair; no one will take her  
place in your hearts. And you  
would not have the void filled,  
even if you could. It will be a  
sacred thought in the years to come  
to parents and friends, that she  
shed radiance in the home as long  
as she did.  
It will be a blessed recollec-  
tion that she grew up to love and  
be loved by those who will ever  
so tenderly cherish her sweet and  
pure memory.  
"Precious in the sight of the  
Lord is the death of his saints."  
116 Psalm 15th verse.  
C. M. M. Faltz.  
Resolutions  
Whereas it has pleased the  
Great Father to remove from our  
fraternity our much esteemed son  
and neighbor D. P. Trump, there-  
fore be it resolved,  
First, that while we deeply  
mourn the death of our beloved  
neighbor, we bow in humble sub-  
mission to his wise Providence.  
Second, that we assure the be-  
reaved widow, mother, and chil-  
dren that our every heart beats in  
sympathy with their grief and  
sorrow, and pray that great good  
may come of this sore affliction.  
Third, that a copy of these resolu-  
tions be spread upon the minutes  
of the camp, a copy sent to the be-  
reaved family, and copies sent to  
the local papers with the request  
to publish the same in their  
columns.  
C. L. Shaw  
C. W. Moore  
J. D. Pope  
Committee  
In a car speeding over a Wes-  
tern prairie, one man remarked  
to another:  
"This is the first time I ever  
traveled over this line without a  
newly married pair on board.  
I have been studying the passen-  
gers and there is not a bridal  
couple among them."  
Just then the train stopped,  
and a man who had been seated  
with a lady and a little girl across  
the aisle walked to the end of the  
car. The child leaned forward and  
in a shrill, penetrating treble  
asked:  
"Mamma, which papa do you  
like best, this new papa or my  
other papa?"

Buckeye  
Our March weather is very fine  
and we have had one of the finest  
winters ever known.  
George Jackson has been grub-  
bing for two weeks. He expects to  
raise a big crop of potatoes this  
season. He also expects to build a  
house this summer with Geo. H.  
Harper contractor for stone work  
and J. R. Painter carpenter.  
Bill McNeil and Emory Adkisson  
have been making sugar. They  
have made over 100 pounds.  
Robert L. Eufenberger, a native  
of Crab Bottom, Virginia, who  
came to this country about seven  
years ago, while running H. K.  
Wilson's sawmill last Saturday had  
the misfortune to saw off three of  
his toes. He was brought to Geo.  
H. Heffers by W. M. Adkisson  
and John Beverage, where he has  
been making his home for the past  
year.  
Lock McNeil has hired to Ken  
Hogsett to do his farming the  
coming season.  
Bill Adkisson of Academy has  
bought a fine lot of red oak of  
George Sheets, and expects to  
manufacture it in the spring.  
While Dennis Cloonan and  
Snowden Kellison were passing  
near by Jake Webster, Dennis  
was struck on the arm with a rock  
which was thrown from the brush  
by unknown parties, which broke  
his arm.  
Geo. H. Heffner expects to finish  
his job of logging for W.  
McClintic in about two weeks. He  
has cut and peeled about 2000  
logs.  
Mrs Liddie Beverage has order-  
ed two incubators and 100 eggs.  
She is going into the chickens  
business.  
Coe Adkisson has taken a big  
job of brush cutting on Stamping  
Creek and boards at Mr Struggess.  
He came home very ill the other  
day.  
We are having a very interest-  
ing debate at Buckeye every Sat-  
urday night.  
Spruce Camp 2  
It is reported that Jack Cough-  
lin will take charge of our camp  
as foreman, successor to Jack  
McDowall.  
The weather is fine to perform  
the hazardous duty of the Ameri-  
can woodsman among the lofty  
and wavy spruce.  
The foreman has in his employ  
about 80 men, consisting of men  
and professional sod busters.  
Noah Wilfong is chief cook  
during the absence of his brother  
Brown who is out looking after  
his household and kitchen furniture.  
Bill Craven is waiping and  
cultivating a fine crop of whiskers  
which he will shed the 4th of July.  
Bob Oaks has measured his head  
for a wig and is one of John's  
favorite teamsters.  
Fred Tyree spends most of his  
Sunday out entertaining the fair  
sex.  
We have two talking machine's  
in camp, Pete Wasio and Tom  
Barkert; all we have to do is to  
drop a penny in the slot, no crank  
to turn always wound up.  
We have a steam loader, Barn  
Heart No. 5.  
El Guinac operates the labor-  
ers connected with the loader.  
Clint Sharp, Brakeman Ham-  
brick and Russ McLaughlin are  
learning to work on the loader.  
We have a night watchman, Ira  
Tharpe. He is from Greenbrier  
County. He owns 100 acres of  
land, 50 acres devoted exclusively  
to the raising of Whistle Pigs.  
500 Whistle Pigs are raised a year  
and marketed at New Town  
Whistle Pig and Leak market.  
50 acres are cultivated in Leaks,  
better known to the woodsmen as  
ramps.  
We are anxious to hear from  
Tom Carlton who was employed  
on the loader, and by accident  
got crippled on the knee cap. We  
understand he was sent to a Bal-  
timore Hospital where he would  
have his knee successfully treated.  
It is hoped that he will get along  
all O. K.  
I. B. Shrader who was employ-  
ed on Loader No. 5, left for his  
home some days ago to engage  
in farming.  
You may hear me again when  
the blue birds whistle.

Shradersville  
Fine weather in this part. The  
farmers are preparing for their  
spring crop.  
Mrs A. C. Moore died at her  
home on Browns Creek, Friday,  
after several months suffering. She  
leaves a husband and three chil-  
dren, two daughters and a son, to  
mourn her loss. Heartfelt sym-  
pathy is extended to the bereaved  
family.  
Davis Dilley was seen in this  
part last week viewing the site of  
his old homestead and taking in  
the scenery.  
Shrader Bros. made a business  
trip to Marlinton Monday.  
Rev. Hogsett of Mill Point  
preached a very interesting sermon  
on Browns Creek Saturday night.  
Coe Beverage, a flourishing and  
enterprising farmer, has done a  
lot of plowing. Coe is a genuine  
buster.  
R. C. Shrader the road super-  
intendent, made a business trip to  
Marlinton one day last week in  
the interest of road matters.  
W. H. Dilley was at Marlinton  
one day last week on business.  
Hevener Dilley is still a fre-  
quent visitor in the Frost vicinity.  
The big trial of Sharp, Jordan  
and Brumbaugh at Dunmore Mon-  
day the 5th was something ser-  
vendable.  
Clayton Dilley has been work-  
ing at the carpenter trade on  
Kumpps Creek. He says he likes  
his trade O. K., most especially  
in the wood.  
C. K. Moore sold a ton of oats  
to Montgomery Ward at the Junc-  
tion of the Hills and Laurel Run  
turnpike.  
Luster Shrader goes over the  
river to rest under the shade of  
the trees and sing of the Nola  
blossom and humming bee.  
Miss Alice Clark, proprietor of  
the Sulphur Spring school is pro-  
gressing nicely, it being one of  
the most flourishing and interest-  
ing schools taught there for a  
number of years.  
Will is raising a crop of whis-  
kers for a paint brush.  
WANTED:  
A small road monkey about  
the size of a man, weight about  
180 pound avoirdupois; red com-  
plicated with several whiskers and  
musache to match, must mate in  
size and match in color to the one  
in this vicinity. This is the old  
original monkey escaped from Dad  
Dinkles Navy on Cheat Mountain  
about January 5, 1905.  
Ed McLaughlin and Miss Pearl  
Dilley were callers at I. S.  
Shraders last Sunday evening.  
Mrs W. L. Moore, we are  
sorry to say is not improving.  
Notice to Take Depositions  
To Wm. M. McAllister, R. S.  
Turk, Joseph R. England,  
Charles P. Jones, and Uriah  
Bird:  
You will take notice that on  
the 29th day of March, 1906, be-  
tween the hours of 6 a. m. and 6  
p. m., of that day, at the law of-  
fice of Talbot & Hoover, in the  
city of Elkins, Randolph County,  
West Virginia, the undersigned  
shall proceed to take the deposi-  
tions of G. N. Wilson, T. J. Ar-  
noid and others to be used as evi-  
dence in its behalf in a suit in  
equity now pending in the Circuit  
Court of Pocahontas County, W.  
Va., in which the undersigned is  
plaintiff and you are defendants.  
And if from any cause the tak-  
ing of said depositions be not com-  
menced on that day, or being  
commenced, be not concluded, the  
same shall be continued from day  
to day, or from time to time, at  
the same place, and at the same  
place, until completed.  
WILDELL LUMBER COMPANY,  
By Talbot & Hoover,  
February 27, 1906. Attorneys  
FOR SALE  
Two second hand mill saws,  
1-54 in Chissel tooth and other  
44 in solid tooth, neither have  
been buckled. Distin and Brauer  
Falls make. Cheap for want of  
use.  
Q. E. Brinkerhoff,  
Altoona, Pa.